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The
COMMONWEAL

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Russian Participation

THE ATTENTION of the world is centered on the Russian campaign. If Hitler can defeat Russia without exhausting the German nation, he will be master of the European continent, and the war, if it proceeds, will become a war between continents. For the Russian campaign will largely determine Japan's action, and on that action depends, to some extent, that of the United States. If Hitler fails, then there is a strong likelihood that the war will be settled on European terrain. We will not waste time attempting to predict the outcome of the immense battle taking place in Russia. If the Russian army were to collapse tomorrow, the resistance it has offered already has exceeded all expectation. But there is something we can say now.

180 million Russians are signalling to us that they exist. The distance is so great that they have had to delegate their armies to catch our eye. For years they stood concealed behind their régime. Russia was communism, Russia was Stalin and the men he killed, Russia was a system, a pattern, an abstraction. Russia was oil fields, grain fields, factories. Who could get the oil, who could take the grain, who could control the ories? There were no Russians save the execu- and the known and anonymous dead.

when Hitler struck, the Russian people hrough the barriers of their political structure, broke down the barriers of distance. By an extraordinary paradox it is through these regimented masses of soldiers that the individual, the family, the village come again into our consciousness. The individual soldier, the family he has left, the village he defends.

The walls that separate man from man are a part of our human condition. This man we see; we do not know him until he speaks. This man who lives a hundred miles away, we do not know him until by some act of his he is able to establish communication. These 180 million Russians we could not know until Hitler discovered them to our sight. It was not enough that they suffered the tyranny of their government. That was a condition we could not understand, having no experience of such misery. We could only condemn the theory on which their government acted; pity, in the abstract, the human material to which that theory so ruthlessly was applied. It was necessary before we could think of the Russian people that their suffering should be related to our immediate hopes and fears and concern. Our immediate fear is that the nazi régime will directly, or indirectly, control and determine the political and social order of the world. Our immediate hope is that the Russian soldiers by their resistance will help to destroy the possibility of nazi domination. And when that threat is removed, our concern will be to found a new order of the world, a tentative order, based on no omniscient and final plan, but one in which men, everywhere, will be unrestrained in their search for the true order of the spirit.

It is of course accidentally that the Russians are associated with those nations and individuals throughout the world who refuse nazi domination. But in the strict sense of the word it will be accidentally also—through the material result of the war—that the German people can be liberated to join, of their own free will, in the search for the just life of which we have spoken.

Moving South

THE NEW CABINET hasn't panned out so well for those who saw in it hope for a more moderate Japanese attitude. Indeed, so far as external policy is concerned, it now looks as if there might just as well not have been any change—except that the change got rid of an over-credulous foreign minister. Nor has the Roosevelt policy of stiff words mixed with oil worked very well. Japan continues set on her course toward Far Eastern hegemony, creeping up on Singapore, surrounding the Philippines, getting closer to the Dutch East Indies.

Obviously there are only three ways out. Japan can reverse herself, and start pulling back. America (and so England) can give up all notion of influence and power in the western Pacific. There

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can be a clash and a showdown. Given the way men and nations act, the latter seems the strongest possibility. Of course a clash does not necessarily mean a fighting war, although such a war is more and more indicated: the Pacific, as THE COMMONWEAL has often said, is our tinderbox.

Like every modern war, that in the Far East can be interpreted several ways. It is a power war, in which a new, aggressive nation seeks to displace older aggressive nations. It is also a war to decide whether certain seas are to be "free" or "closed." And there are those who will talk about the democracy of China at stake against the autocracy (to use no uglier a word) of Japan. In all these ways there is some truth . . . truths to confuse the issue.

We are a strong nation, becoming daily more conscious of our power. Japan is a proud nation, believing implicitly in her own destiny. To hope that these two can be peacefully reconciled in the present situation is almost beyond hope. And the tragedy of it is that from every point of view it need not have been thus. Economically, morally, peace is what the Far East needs. Now peace is in the hands of the diplomats, and the issue seems certain to be ugly, whatever the diplomats do.

As to Good-Will Missions

THE STORY of the welding together of the nations of this hemisphere into one amicable America, fructified from many centers of culture, mutually respecting and learning from differences, and bound by clearly accepted ties of common interest—this is a splendid story, many, many volumes of which are still unwritten. Of the tomes already on the shelves, some important ones must be credited to the present Administration, which has seen more clearly into the matter of hemispheric destiny than many of its predecessors. Among its devices, the "good-will tour" has bulked large, whether the tour has been made by officially accredited agents and commissions or by students and private citizens. That such tours have done work of useful preparation cannot be denied. Lately, however, the continued usefulness of those officially inspired has been twice questioned by men in an especially favorable position for getting at the truth. Mr. Yehudi Mehunin, the violinist, recently returning from a concert trip in South America, suggested that that continent was becoming a little restive under our professional amiability; those were not his words, but they are a fair translation. Now Mr. John Erskine, back after a cultural mission undertaken for the State Department in Uruguay and the Argentine, told interviewers that official goodwillers bore our Latin brothers, and that "you can do more . . . to better relations if you have nothing to do with any government mission." Mr. Erskine has a further suggestion—that we sell books down there more cheaply, stepping into the market which France and Spain have been compelled to abandon. His figures are interesting, though there is not room to analyze them here. We believe he is right in saying that reducing the cost of scientific and medical books, now often "prohibitive," would be a solid contribution to goodwill. But in the wide distribution of our fiction, let us go carefully. Some of our novels would be fine emissaries; but (if we know anything about the roots of South American culture) there are many others which cannot be counted on to promote neighborliness below the border.

The Children Help the Children

THERE IS no lack of stirring and intelligent efforts in the general American movement to help British civilians during this period of major trial. An especially appealing one is that which organizes the sympathies and energies of children. A division of the British War Relief Society, bearing the title Young America Wants to Help, is continuing into the vacation period the activities successfully prosecuted during the school year, when schools and colleges donated more than a hundred thousand dollars for clothing and mobile kitchens. This sum represented self-denial in many cases; in others, it stood for the ingenuity of individuals or groups that applied their talents to money-making. The sound idea of putting the real burden of his sympathy upon the child himself, instead of instructing him to ask for a donation at home, is being carried over into the summer campaign, for which the week of August 12 to 19 has been designated. Children throughout the country will then concentrate upon gleaning, from the relatively simple and uncommercial environment of summer-camp life, sums which shall mean substantial help and comfort to less fortunate young Britons. The programs vary, according to initiative and opportunity, from ice-cream-coneless and hot-dogless days to the holding of quiz programs and fairs and the staging of original plays. This will be good for the homeless and bomb-shocked children of Britain; it will be very good for our carefree youngsters here. But to appreciate the fruitfulness of the plan is to perceive its limitation. Children are suffering not in Britain alone, but in all the occupied countries of Europe. Just as it is wholesome and right to open our children's minds and hearts to the needs of Britain's little ones, so there is something morally artificial in remaining silent about the rest of the picture. When the time of reaction sets in, this silence will be one of the things we have to reckon with.

Loyal Americans

THERE is a certain confusion in the ann ment of the formation of the Loyal Ameri

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German Descent. To the extent that such an organization can forestall some of the indiscriminate blackguarding of all citizens with Germanic names so shockingly widespread in the first war, it is laudable. To the extent that it can show German-American devotees of nazism the error of their ways, it is likewise laudable.

But the language of its first public statement might be taken to be unduly bellicose in tone: it would be a great pity if there were any effort to make of German-Americans another pressure group to urge the nation into war. For it is one thing to demonstrate—if demonstration be needed—that our citizens of Teutonic descent give their first loyalty to America. And there is some irony in the notion, considering how many came here in search of freedom, because they would not tolerate the milder tyrannies of the nineteenth century fatherland. It is quite another to use German-American dislike of present nazi tyranny as a stimulus for war. If that war comes, it must come in some part as a sorrow, even to the most loyal Americans of German lineage. To suppose otherwise is to suppose that our land has stripped them of some portion of their humanity.

It is a reproach to the rest of us that the establishment of the "Loyal Americans" should have been considered necessary in the first place.

Catholic College to Give Rural Life Degrees

APPROPRIATELY enough the argument about the chicken and the egg comes to mind when the responsibility for the commercialized character of American agriculture is investigated. Have the state and other agricultural schools been adapting their course to the pressure of world economics or has their primary concern with making more dollars per acre been a leading cause of one-crop farming, mass production, towering surpluses, exhausted soils, dust-bowls, Okies, sharecroppers, rural proletariat? Regardless of the answer there has unquestionably been little organized educational support for those who believe in farming as a way of life. From the midwest it is reported that immigrants from Europe with strong traditions of the family farm have kept their children from getting any higher schooling at all rather than send them to institutions where the commercialized approach to agriculture would be taught. And young people who in recent years have become vitally interested in farming as a way of life have had few if any institutions who would teach agriculture from such a point of view. Organizations such as the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and the Christian Rural Fellowship and the publication, *Free America,* have had to do the greater part of their educational work themselves, aided by occasional rural life institutes at such centers as St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., and the School of Living at Nyack, N. Y. Therefore the news that Trinity College of Sioux City, Iowa, a men's college conducted by the Marianists (Society of Mary), will inaugurate in September a four-year course leading to a degree of Bachelor of Science in Rural Leadership has real possibilities. If, as the course of studies seems to indicate, it develops a successful integration of the best agronomics with a sound philosophy of life, it will be supplying an important need. When the present and future of the Church in this country viewed realistically, simply the news that the first US Catholic college has taken such a step is reason for rejoicing.

The Franco Note to Latin America

IT WAS just three years ago that THE COMMONWEAL, at the cost of losing hundreds of subscribers, advised caution to Americans who would clamber aboard either the Franco or Loyalist bandwagons. Despite the reproaches leveled in our direction, it consistently seemed to us that Spain was being used as a pawn in the struggle between totalitarian tyrannies. The evidence that strong forces of Germans and Italians engaged Russians and communist-inspired International Brigades on the Spanish proving-ground is indisputable. The difficulties experienced by the Church in concluding a concordat with the Franco Government and the unanimous testimony of current visitors to Spain on the number of Germans there and the apathy and misery of the Spanish people are other indications. The Franco Government's note to the Latin American governments, reported in the New York *Times* for July 29, provides a final clincher for this argument. For, after referring to the sufferings occasioned by communist activity in the Civil War, the note asserts that "the enlistment of effectives will continue to increase the Spanish forces that will fight at the side of Germans, Rumanians, Slovaks, Norwegians, Belgians, Netherlanders and French in this crusade for the fundamental dogmas of the civilization in which we live." Such fundamental dogmas, no doubt, as anti-Semitism, the old Teutonic Gods and the unimportance of truth.

Spurlos Versenkt

FRENCHMEN, Dutchmen, Belgians, Norwegians, Danes in America are cut off as never before from relatives and friends abroad. Yet news, even letters, do filter through. Their sorrow is eased; their countries are sunk, but not without trace. Too much we are inclined to forget the worse sorrow of Greeks and Poles and Yugoslavs; a Greek friend tells us he has had utterly no news from home since Athens fell. Theirs is a suspense more cruel than any known disaster.

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Two

Kentucky fable of brain over brawn.

By **Jesse Stuart**

"ADGER BLEVINS, I'd like to keep you all summer," Dave Porter said. He puffed a homemade cigar and looked at me with his soft blue-walled eyes. As he looked at me he put his big thumbs under his broad snake-striped suspender and pulled them out and let them fly back against his clean-blue work shirt. "You look like a man that'll work Adger. You're big and strong as a bull. You look like you could lift the butt-end of a saw-log upon the hind couplins of a jolt-wagon. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty dollars a month and your keep."

"It's a deal, Dave Porter," I said. "I've knocked about over the country since Ma died. I'm tired of it. I don't have a home. I can lift the butt-end of a saw-log on the front 'r hind couplins of a jolt-wagon. I can lift five times my weight and I can jump ary fence in the country that's as high as my ears. I can climb any tree in the woods. I ain't braggin, Dave Porter, but I'm a man all over."

Dave Porter laughed when I said this like he didn't believe me. Dave was a big man with a stomach that pushed his overall pants out in front and nearly busted the brass buttons off them. You'd think he'd been melted and poured into his clothes.

"You're a good man, I believe," Dave laughed. "I've got another good man over there in the bunkhouse. He's one of the best men that ever hit these parts. I'll haf to put you fellars together. Get your turkey and come along."

I picked up my turkey and guitar and followed Dave Porter to the bunkhouse. He walked up the big-rock steps and knocked on the door with his fist. A big man come to the door with a shirt in one hand and a needle and thread in the other. He was big as a horse and his lips spread apart in front, he had two rows of long dark-looking horse teeth. The hair on his head wouldn't lay any way and it spread like crabgrass over his fard and his heavy eyebrows.

"Piggy Sizemore, I want you to meet Adger Blevins," Dave Porter said. "You boys 'll haf to bunk together. Think two good men'll make it all right."

"Glad to know you, Piggy," I said and reached him my hand. His fire-shovel hand swallowed my big hand.

"Glad to know you," Piggy said. "Do you call yourself a man? You ain't no more than a knot on a log." Piggy looked at me. He slapped his big hands on his knees and laughed. I wanted to see him have the first laugh.

Piggy didn't look like he was made to mend clothes. His big hands were made for the plow. His big arms were made to lift the butt-ends of saw-logs. His brown face looked like shoe-leather. "He'll be a good fellar to do his part of the work," I thought. "I won't haf to do his part and mine too."

"I'll tell you somethin, Adger," Piggy said as he squirmed on the edge of the bed sewing buttons on his shirt. "I need a wife to do this."

The dinner bell started singing.

"It's bean-time," Piggy said.

He threw his shirt on the bed and started. I followed him to Dave Porter's kitchen.

"Hit the dabbin pan there boys," Dave said. "Get your feet under the table soon as you can."

Piggy grabbed the pan. I didn't care. I saw something I'd never seen before. I saw the prettiest girl I'd ever seen in all my roaming. She was tall with pink cheeks. Her yellow cornsilk hair was curled about her head. Her eyes were pale sky-blue. She was standing at the end of the long table waiting for us to take our places at the table. I looked at her while Piggy used the pan. After Piggy got through, I dabbled my face and hands and dried on the mealsack towel that hung on a roller.

"We don't have much of a family here, Adger," Dave said. "I want you to meet Grace, my daughter."

"Glad to meet you," I nodded. And I meant it.

"My wife, Adger—Mrs. Porter—"

"Glad to know you, too—" I said.

When I looked at Grace I smiled. She just stared at me. Then I looked at Piggy. I saw his face was getting red. I could tell he didn't like it. "If the big lummix don't like it," I thought, "he'll have to get over it." I sat across the table from Piggy. When I lifted my spoon to my mouth, I saw it wasn't shiny. Then I looked at Piggy's spoon. It was shiny as a new-quarter

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moon. I looked at my plate. The edges of it had been chipped. I looked at Piggy's plate. It was a white plate with a blue picture of a man and his dog hunting birds. The tine of my fork was bent. Piggy had a fork bright as a pitchfork used in a hay season.

"How long 've you worked for Mr. Porter, Piggy?" I asked.

"Been here a month," Piggy said without looking up from his plate. He was shoveling the beans into his mouth. I made up my mind I didn't like Piggy. I didn't know what to do—but I wanted to get rid of him. He was the spider in my dumplings.

That afternoon we went to work hoeing corn in the new ground.

"Want the bottom 'r top row?" Piggy asked.

"Makes no difference."

Piggy just started out in the bottom row. I started the top row above him. I'll tell you I could see why he always had to be sewing on a shirt. His big muscles swelled up and busted him out and tore the buttons off. He could use a one-eyed sprouting hoe in new ground corn. He was the toughest man I'd ever bucked. I don't mean to be bragging when I tell you when a man gets too tough for everybody else he's just getting right for me. I wasn't as big as Piggy but I was as tough. And when he got his row of corn around the bluff, I was standing right over him raking the weeds down on his heels. It was go and come all afternoon. I kept crowding Piggy.

"You're sure a good worker, partner," Piggy said as the sun set and we walked out of the field. "I've never had a man to stay with me like you. The men Dave hires to stay with me—don't stay. They white-eye on the first day. You're the fourth man he's hired this week. Today's just Friday."

"I'm staying with you Piggy," I said. "I'm so tough I can walk on barbed-wire barefooted. I can carry a wild cat under each arm and he won't scratch me. I like tough men. I like good workers. I like to make 'em white-eye."

Piggy looked at me with mean eyes and showed his long horse teeth.

Soon as we got to the bunkhouse, I looked in the looking glass at myself. My face was beet-red—looked like the blood would pop from my face any minute. But I didn't have a face like Piggy had. And my hair wasn't stringy like Piggy's—I was just a better looking man. But one of us had to leave. Both couldn't stay at the same place. If we did, I'd have to fight Piggy. He'd be a hard man to handle, too. I wondered what to do. While we stood before the dresser, Piggy's overall pocket gapped open and I dropped a little round rock into his pocket.

The bell rung and we went to supper.

"How'd you get along boys?" Dave asked Piggy and winked.

"All right, Dave," Piggy said with a sour face. "We got up to that big oak on the second bluff."

"You don't mean it," Dave said with a big laugh.

Dave thought that Piggy would kill me the first half of a day. After supper when we went back to the bunkhouse, I got my guitar and picked and sung a few pieces. The summer air was quiet about us—just a few katydids hepped me sing. They were in the cornpatch we could see from the bunkhouse window. The songs I sung were about love, pretty girls and the death of young men shot in mountain fights.

"You can sure play and sing," Piggy said. "It just melts my heart. I'll tell you, Adger—I'm in love—" He looked at me with a strange look. "I'm in love Adger—in love with—with—Grace—"

"Is she in love with you?" I started another tune on my guitar. From my window I saw Grace and her mother standing on the porch. They were listening to me play and sing. And they looked at the cornfield where the katydids had joined me. Before I finished the song, Piggy put his hand in his pocket. He pulled the rock out carefully and looked at it. He held it in his hand until I'd finished my song.

"Wonder how come that rock in my pocket," he said. "I don't remember putting it there."

"You don't carry rocks in your pockets?" I asked.

"I don't remember putting that rock in my pocket," he said holding it in his hand and looking at it. "It makes me wonder where I got it."

That night we slept in the big bed and I dreamed of Grace. But when we waked the next morning, here lay that big lummix beside me.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked.

"Slept like a log," I said, "but you went on all night. What was the matter with you? You hollered like a mad man. You screamed that something was after you. I had to shake you and then you groaned and went back to sleep—"

"I did—huh," he said. "That's funny I never took spells like that before. I've slept with fifteen different men Dave's hired since I've been here. Not one of them ever heard me go on like that."

"Maybe you worked harder than you thought you did yesterday," I said.

After we ate breakfast and walked up the patch to the cornfield, I said: "You give me the bottom row this morning. Time about is fair play."

Piggy looked hurt when I said this. He stepped up in the row above me. I don't mean to brag when I tell you I bore down on my hoe handle I made that hickory handle bend. Sweat poured from my face. Sweat run in little streams from Piggy. It got into his eyes and stung them and he'd have to stop and wipe it out. There was so

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much sweat on Piggy's face a sweat bee couldn't light on it. He nearly killed himself trying to keep up with me. He couldn't do it.

While I hoed a hill of corn beside a rotten oakstump, I found a snake egg in the hot loamy dirt. When the dinner bell rung and we started down the hill, we stopped to look at the corn we'd hoed. As I talked to Piggy, I dropped a snake-egg in his gapping overall pocket. Piggy was still hot and sweat streamed from his face. Before we reached Dave Porter's big white house, Piggy put his hand in his pocket to get his handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his eyes. He groveled in his pocket a minute. I turned to watch him. I saw him bring the snake-egg from his pocket.

"Lordy me," he groaned—"how did that get in there?"

"That's funny," I said—"maybe you picked it up and put it there and don't remember—"

"Surely to God, I didn't," he screamed like a wildcat. "I'm afraid of a snake egg myself. My Pap said if you busted one in the cornfield with your hoe and it splashed in your eyes—it'd put 'em out."

Piggy didn't talk much at the table. He looked at Grace and he looked at me. Then he'd get his face down in his plate and shovel up the soup-beans. Dave laughed and talked at the table. When Piggy's mind was full of wonder and his face down in his plate, I'd look at Grace and smile. And she'd look at me and smile. Mrs. Porter looked at both of us—and Dave looked at us and wondered.

That afternoon Piggy and I walked around the mountain side. Piggy tried his best to keep in sight of me with a row of corn but he couldn't. "You've worked 'em all down, Piggy," I hollered back at him—"but you've met your match. You've sent away fifteen workers in a month. But you ain't sending me away. Come on with your row!"

"I don't know what's the matter with me," Piggy said. "It's like goin a huntin with a fellar and he lets his gun go off and skeers you—and you get so nervous you can't shoot."

When I hoed another row back and met Piggy in the middle of the field he said, "It ain't in my arms and shoulders, Adger—it's in my head. Somethin's wrong."

"What are you talkin about?" I asked.

"Nothin," he said.

When we left the field it was all old Piggy could do to drag one foot after the other. He looked like he'd swum the river with his clothes on he was so wet. I walked beside him and talked. While I talked to him I dropped a little dead baby-fingered ground-mole in his pocket. We had eaten our suppers and had gone back to the bunkhouse —I was getting ready to pick my guitar—and Piggy put his hand in his pocket. "Oo-God," he said and jerked his hand from his pocket. Then he opened his pocket wider and looked down to see what it was. Carefully he put his big hand down and pulled the mole out by the tail.

"I can't understand it," he said. "Adger, do I look bad?"

"Yep, you do, Piggy," I said. "I ain't goin' to lie about it. You look awfully pale."

"Do I act funny—" he asked in a whisper.

"Nope, I ain't seen anything funny in your actions," I said.

"It's in my head, Adger," he said. "My arms don't work with my head. My head wants my arms to work too fast and somehow they don't get connected just right."

"Now that's funny talk, Piggy," I said. "I don't understand what you're talking about. You're talkin funny now."

He sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the wall. I played my guitar and all the Porter family come out on the porch and listened. On Sunday, while Piggy stayed in bed, I sat on Dave's porch and played the guitar.

"Where's Piggy?" Dave asked. "I've just now missed 'im."

"In the bed," I said.

"What's the matter with 'im?"

"Mr. Porter, a lot o' men you've hired here white-eyed on Piggy," I said. "I ain't goin' to white-eye. I've had to meet 'im back half way in the field. He's goin' to white-eye on me."

"What's the matter with 'im?" David moaned.

"He's actin' funny," I answered. "He's findin' things in his pocket. Friday he found a little round rock, then this mornin' he found a snake egg—and tonight he found a baby-handed ground-mole—"

"My Lord," Dave said. "Don't reckon Piggy's goin' batty."

Piggy come to the house for dinner. He didn't eat much. Grace looked at me and smiled. I looked at her laughing blue eyes and I saw dreams in them. I saw dreams of love for me in her eyes. Piggy couldn't see anything. He just kept drinking coffee and rubbing his hand over his fard. Soon as he ate his dinner he went back to the bunkhouse. I stayed on the porch because Grace asked me to. I picked the guitar and sung for her.

Piggy didn't eat any supper. He stayed in the bunkhouse. I finished supper and talked to Grace. It was midnight before I got to the bunkhouse.

"It's my head, Adger," Piggy said. He was sprawled on the bed. He was looking up at the ceiling. "I know there's something wrong."

"You just think so, Piggy," I said. "Snap out of it! There's nothin wrong with you!"

"Th' hell there ain't," he moaned. "How did that rock, that snake-egg and the mole get in my pocket?"

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"Forget it," I said.

"Forget hell," he grunted. "I'm not the same old Piggy that I used to be."

The next morning I told Piggy about the strange noises he'd made. I told him that he waked me in the night and I had a time with him. I told him that he was trying to put a bumblebee in his pocket. Piggy looked at me and didn't speak. When we ate our breakfasts, Grace didn't look at Piggy and smile. She didn't watch his coffee cup like she did mine. She put cream in my coffee and a spoonful of sugar.

As we hurried to the field on Monday morning up the twisted path, I found a young terrapin that'd got lost from its mammy. I picked it up—walked behind Piggy and dropped it in his hip pocket. It was about the time we'd started our corn rows that the terrapin opened his shell and started scratching Piggy. Piggy hollered and put his hand in his pocket. He jerked his hand out—twisted his big bull-neck around and looked into his pocket.

"It's happened again," he said. "My God, if I only knowed what was the matter with me. When do I find and where do I pick these things up? It's my head—it ain't no lie."

Piggy tried his best to keep up with me but he was all pooped out. He'd stop in his row and rub his head with his big sweaty hand. Then he'd look all around. He'd look at the ground. Then he look in all of his pockets. And he'd rubber at me. Then he'd bear down on his hoe handle awhile. He'd dig fast in his row and make the sprouts and crabgrass fly. But he couldn't catch me. I'd be thinking of Grace. I'd work like a bird flies.

We were getting nearly to the top. Piggy looked at the mountain slope behind us. He rested his hands on his hoe-handle. Then he took his hand and wiped the sweat from his face. "Do you want a bucket of water," Piggy hollered. "I'm dry as a chip."

"Shore do," I said.

"Then I'll get it—"

Piggy started across the mountain-top. He left his hoe behind him. As he reached the top, he turned and looked back. I had two rocks in my hand. I made a noise deep in my throat—it was a yodel—part of it was like a rattlesnake sounding his warning; part of it was like a Jimmie Rodger's Blue-Yodel No. 9; some of it went like cowbells and shot guns, people snoring, pigs squealing, cats squalling and foxes barking. I saw Piggy leap high into the air. He started over the other side of the mountain and when he did I cut drive with one rock and then the other. The second rock was a sailing rock and curved over the backbone of the ridge. I heard Piggy squeal: "My God, Oh, my God—"

Piggy didn't get back with the water. I finished the corn and carried both hoes to the house.

"Where's Piggy?" Dave asked when I went to the dabbling pan.

"Why, ain't he here?"

"Nope—"

"He told me he's comin atter water," I said. "He found a terrapin in his hip pocket this mornin."

Dave Porter laughed and laughed. He sat down at the table with his stomach against it. He laughed until he shook the coffee from the cups.

"Stop your laughin Pop," Grace said. "You're shakin out all the coffee."

"Dave you said nobody could work like Piggy," Mrs. Porter said.

It come my time to laugh. I laughed with Dave but I didn't laugh about Piggy. My spoon was shiny as a new quarter-moon. My plate had the picture of a man and his dog hunting birds. Not a tine in my silver fork was bent.

A Middle Way

A historian discusses various American views on the war and makes his choice.

By **H. C. F. Bell**

NOWADAYS, when we disagree with someone, we promptly give him a label of some sort. This is of course a natural practice, and in so far as it makes for brevity a useful one. But when labels come to be used carelessly and abusively, it seems time to try new classifications, if only to test the accuracy of the old. Thus instead of labeling our fellow-citizens as warmongers or appeasers or fascists, we might try classifying them as utopians, as realists (in the contemporary sense) and as people who manage to avoid both extremes. This re-classification has

* In part this article follows the lines and occasionally the phraseology of an address delivered during the Commencement exercises at Providence College on June 11, 1941.

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at least two advantages. It offers a principle of division which is more profound because it is more philosophical; and in being more philosophical it is much more charitable. It should therefore appeal especially to Christians.

But one must begin, of course, by explaining the sense in which the terms *utopian* and *realist* are to be used. As utopians we may think of people who are genuine but impractical idealists. Their first act is to decide, on abstract principles, how everything should be regulated and administered in human society. This, of course, is in itself an excellent practice; but the utopians of today do not customarily stop there. They usually insist that the evils which they see in economic, social or political institutions, whether national or international, shall be abolished entirely and immediately, whatever the cost. And because even the best of governments do not and under the democratic process cannot put such counsels of perfection into effect, the utopians are apt to become bitter, to class all governments as almost equally bad, to lapse into cynicism, defeatism or even despair. They are usually men and women of brains and of good will; but they are so visionary and impractical that they often do more harm than good.

The realists

The contemporary realists whom I have in mind would be better designated, perhaps, as so-called realists. For they see only one side of the picture, one aspect of the changes that the world is going through. Material considerations, expressed mainly in statistics, are their all in all. They are more sterile than the utopians because idealism, whether visionary or practical, is a closed book to them. They would never understand Lord Acton's dictum that the pursuit of ideals shapes the course of history.

It seems obvious that great numbers of Americans belong to these two groups and that most of us are at least tempted from time to time to make common cause with one of them. And yet these groups are responsible for much of the dissension and defeatism which are now endangering our happiness and our security. And if we ask why so many of our friends and neighbors (not to say ourselves) are unintentionally responsible for so much harm, the answer seems to be that we have all, in varying degrees, been wandering away from Christian teaching. Many utopians, for example, insist that we shall immediately have what they call peace, apparently believing that a mere cessation of armed hostilities will somehow bring the lying down together of the lion and the lamb. They overlook what the Church has taught so insistently: that real peace, between nations and within nations, can be achieved only when the souls and hearts of men are so disposed that they are ready for self-discipline and self-sacrifice on behalf of justice and of charity. In other words, the utopians have divorced idealism from sound philosophy and theology. The so-called realists are even more adrift from the moorings to which our Christian civilization is tethered. Real charity plays so little part with them that they are skeptical of the effective operation, if not of the existence, of altruism and good will. Physical security and comfort for themselves and those close to them are what they mainly care about: what feeling they have for others extends at most no further than our national boundaries. To use the same example, they, too, may demand immediate "peace"; but for reasons materialistic and nationalistic, taking no account of the enslaved and tortured peoples of Europe, or even of the present unexampled menace to Christianity. They are indifferent to the all-inclusive brotherhood of men since they are indifferent to the all-inclusive fatherhood of God.

Neither utopianism nor realism can offer cures for war, or for the other grievous evils that are about: but Catholic Christianity can and does. Catholic Christianity avoids the errors of both groups; it recognizes that the supreme ideal and the supreme reality are identified—in God. For nineteen centuries it has held up an ideal that is incomparable, is perfect—and yet contains no element that is visionary, that is utopian.

Idealism + realism

This identification of the ultimate idealism with the ultimate realism leaps to the eye as one surveys the astonishing, the humanly unaccountable, history of the Church. How obvious it was some fifteen hundred years ago when bands of pagans and barbarians, eager for loot, poured from German forests and Russian steppes into the Roman Empire. The highly cultured but materialistic, luxurious and class-ridden civilization of the Romans was in some parts extinguished, in others shaken to its depths. In many places the wealthy and the office-holders fled from the towns, houses and public buildings were left to crumble into ruins, and it seemed that savagery would have full sway. But there *were* buildings, the churches, which were not abandoned; there *were* men of education and authority—the clergy—who did not run away. The losses of the Church were terrible in personnel and property; but, even in the midst of the tumult, she settled down to a new task. Her eyes, as always, were fixed on a supreme ideal; but no utopianism entered in. She knew fallen man for what he was; she knew that both souls and bodies must be considered in making plans for men's future; she knew that God usually sees fit to let mankind work out improvements in society over considerable periods, and through perseverance and sustained courage; and she knew, too,

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that work of the most practical and humble sort had been consecrated in the life of Christ and could always be performed for God. So by a patient devotion that covered centuries, she re-educated Europe, not only in religion and morals, not only in kindness, not only in learning, but in farming and the crafts. She re-educated it by slow degrees into being a better place than it had ever been. Christian idealism and Christian realism, proceeding with all patience hand in hand, produced what we have known as Christendom.

There is no period in the history of the Church in which examples of the fusion of true idealism and true realism may not be seen; but there are two which may especially command our interest. For one of these we must go back nearly four centuries in history; the other we have before our eyes today. The earlier instance is to be seen in the pontificate of Pope Pius V, the last pope whom the Church has canonized. Pope Saint Pius was apparently without personal ambition to be anything but a simple friar, traveling about with his wallet on his back, in search of souls. It was not by his own will that he became renowned as a teacher of philosophy and theology, a bishop, a cardinal and, in 1566, a pope. And no elevation could detract from his remarkable saintliness. Amid all his duties, he found time for two meditations before the Blessed Sacrament each day; he poured his income into charities; and he showed extreme humility by washing the feet of beggars in the streets. Filled as he was with charity and humility, he especially loved peace. But he was no visionary, no utopian. Pastor, the great historian of the papacy in this period, remarks how ironical it might seem that this pope, who so loved peace, was much concerned with war.

For Pope Saint Pius felt, as other saints have done, that when the powers of evil organize to make war on God by the use of sheer brute force, physical resistance may be called for on the part of God's servants, even to the point of war. And so we have the story of two simultaneous happenings which bring out in sharp relief this saintly pope's simultaneous devotion to the ideal and the practical. From Naples he sent forth a fleet of Papal, Spanish and Venetian ships under Don John of Austria to fight the Turks, who had conquered the Balkans and much of what we used to know as Austria and Hungary, and who threatened all that part of Christendom. Even today it stirs our blood to think of the two vast fleets which sailed toward each other at Lepanto in two long lines; to think of the leader's ship bearing the great papal banner, with the image of Christ crucified, driving full at the flagship of the Turkish admiral with its flaunting crescent emblazoned on a purple ground. And it stirs another thing in each of us to remember how the saintly pope was fighting too—fighting by rigorous fasting and by incessant prayer that the forces of Don John of Austria should be victorious. Idealism and realism seemed finally blended in the inspired phrase he quoted, in blessing the Christian leader, when news came to him—miraculously, we are told—of Don John's crushing victory: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John."

Another Pope

Today another Pope Pius prays incessantly in the Vatican; while enemies more terrible and more dangerous than the Turks again come out of Russia and of Germany to make war on God and on His Church. Between the enmity to God displayed by the nazi leaders and by the communists there is nothing to choose; but there is a great difference in the extent to which, just at this time, they menace Christendom. As the Bishop of St. Augustine said recently: "Today the first enemy of our humanity—killer of our priests, the despoiler of our temples, the foe of all we love both as Americans and as Catholics—is the nazi." No matter on which side Russia fights, the immediate future of Christianity and the preservation of Christendom from dismemberment are fundamental issues in the present world conflict. It may possibly be in God's providence that the two governments which are His greatest enemies may so weaken one another that their own peoples as well as the peoples of the countries which are, or were, democracies shall regain or retain their freedom to worship Him. Nor, humanly speaking, can it be said that to oppose the nazis is to prepare triumph for the communists. Hitler's conquest of Russia would allow him to strike at Christianity with such force as he has never had; but, unless the teachings of history are all at fault, his defeat in Russia would leave both great pagan governments too exhausted for further blows against Christianity in other lands.

Be that as it may, the Church is threatened as never since the first great barbarian inroads; but is ready, as always, to take up the challenge. In the midst of all the tumult and danger the Holy Father is blending idealism with an appreciation of realities, in the formulation of war aims which should produce a better world. Reparation shall be made to every nation whose right to independence "has been destroyed, injured or threatened," but this time shall be determined by the rules of "justice and reciprocal equity"; the international organization of the future shall not only enforce but on occasion revise the terms of settlement; and disarmament shall be in spirit as well as in practice. Could idealism and realism be more perfectly blended? But this is no call for an immediate and "negotiated" peace: it does not answer the demands of the pure utopians, much less those of the so-called realists. And an undefeated Hitler would find it merely humorous.

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What shall we hope for?

But may we hope for a peace of at least approximately this sort in case of an Anglo-Saxon victory? There seems to be a real prospect of this if all Christians in the Anglo-Saxon countries and the countries now temporarily enslaved will unite in pressing proper terms of settlement upon their governments. And a great beginning has been made. For the first time in some four centuries, Catholic and non-Catholic Christians have joined in supporting a pronouncement from the See of Peter, and in implementing it along lines in perfect conformity with the pronouncements of former popes. Six months ago the challenge of the pagan and barbaric will-to-power of the nazis, as exemplified in their conquests and in their plans for the "reorganization" of the world, was taken up by a movement known as the "Sword of the Spirit." It seemed that nazi bombs were shattering even religious prejudice when the *Times* of London published a letter, signed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Moderator of the Council of the free Protestant churches of England, endorsing the Holy Father's peace program, and implementing it by demands for equality of opportunity in education, the abolition of extreme inequality in wealth, the safeguarding of the family, the equitable division of the earth's fruits and the restoration of a sense of divine vocation to each man's daily work. Already this movement is spreading to our country; it will doubtless be deeply consoling to the Holy Father if a design so Christian, so idealistic, yet so practical will be made effective by American Christians. His satisfaction in observing the movement in England has already been expressed.

So we may serve both our religion and our patriotism with high ideals and with deep confidence. We know well that the City of God is not vulnerable to bombs; and we cannot doubt that Christianity, for all its present sufferings, will in due time once more re-educate the world into a better place. All Christians may find it consoling to recall the strangely prophetic tribute paid to the vitality of the Catholic Church by the Protestant historian Macaulay a century ago:

> The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. . . . The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. . . . The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. . . . Nor do we see any signs which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

But we Catholics enjoy a confidence far more profound than any which historians can offer. For we know that our Church is divine and indestructible, as the Mystical Body of Our Lord; she will never perish from the earth.

Far above the broken arches of London Bridge and the ruins of St. Paul's, the Church still towers, as she towered above a shattered Europe almost fifteen centuries ago. She is beset with enemies, as she has never been, perhaps, since those far-off days; but she knows that in her hour of need she may call confidently on the strength, the loyalty and the faith of her children. Our opportunity for giving to God and the Church is such as few generations of Christians have ever had; and we know that, in proportion to our gifts, God and His Church will offer us returns from which no power on earth can subtract even a particle. Whatever trials and sorrows the next months or years may bring, we may live, as Dom Marmion says, "Not feverishly and restlessly, but with . . . inward and deep confidence . . . and interior joy." For to us the Supreme Ideal and the Supreme Reality are One.

Michelet: the Romantic as Historian

By Cuthbert Wright

IN TERMINATING his account of the end of the Terror at the close of his "History of the French Revolution," Michelet states that a few nights after the ninth Thermidor, a little boy was taken by his mother to the theatre and admired the long line of brilliant carriages, while the street-boys, cap in hand, humbly saluted their owners with the words: "Do you want your carriage, *master?*" This expression sounded novel to the ear of the youngster; and demanding what

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it meant, he was told that there was "a great change in France since the death of Robespierre." Michelet might almost have been that child himself, for he was born only a year or two later; and the fact that he could terminate a history of the Revolution in ten volumes with this story indicates his closeness to his subject and that flair for personal anecdotes which has been considered one of the chief defects and which was, perhaps, one of the main qualities of Michelet as an historian.

He was close to his subject in another sense than the temporal one. The only child of a small printer persecuted for jacobin views, he grew up nervous, too excitable, under-nourished, ignorant of joy and very poor. As with Hugo and Anatole France, his mother was royalist and pious, his father a bit of a radical and freethinker. "I grew," he said, "like a weed between two paving stones of Paris." Like Robespierre, for whom he occasionally betrays a sneaking fondness, he was handicapped at school by a grinding poverty, was considered by the wealthier boys morose and decidedly queer. Edmund Wilson is well justified, then, in writing that "Michelet's history of France . . . with all its complexity, variation and detail, displays a bold emotional design which is easily referable to his own experience." * The same melodic line, it seems to me, is even more self-referable in his history of the Revolution. "If I am superior to other historians," he wrote characteristically, "it is because I have loved more." Yes, and he also hated more. "Envy," said Napoleon once, "created the French Revolution"; and while I am far from impugning Michelet's famous love of the people, which is the mainspring of his work, love of the people can be a fairly complex emotion which may well contain the sentiment of envy as one of its several ingredients. "He who knows how to be poor knows everything," he has said. Be that as it may, it is fairly certain that he who knows how to be poor will also know how to write a highly readable and "Leftist" history of his native land. The French defeat of 1870 almost broke his heart, but it was the Commune of the following year, when his beloved "people" really had their innings and showed their stuff, that carried him off. Before he died, he affirmed that "the great labor party, the productive nations, must arm against Prusso-Russian militarism, the party of death." This is, on the whole, the soundest generalization to be found in the vast work of an historian one must still profoundly admire.

A romantic

It is customary to call Michelet a "romantic" historian, but he himself denied it in words which, at first, sound plausible enough. "We are all more or less romantic," he wrote at twenty-two, "it is a disease in the air we breathe. He is lucky who has early equipped himself with enough good sense and natural feeling to react against it." It may prove interesting to examine one or two of Michelet's works in the light of this affirmation.

His "History of France" is divided into two parts whose composition corresponds to two different periods in his life, the divisional date being about 1845. The first part, consisting of two thick volumes in English, now out of print, is, substantially, the story of the Middle Ages. The second part begins with the Renaissance and stretches to the end of the Old Régime. In the interval (1845-1854) something happened to Michelet; at all events he interrupted his natural sequence, and published instead his "Histoire de la Révolution Française."

The volumes on the Middle Ages seemed in places an echo of the *Génie du Christianisme,* and excited great joy here and there among the Catholic Right. One finds this reception even more peculiar than that occasioned by Chateaubriand's masterpiece. "Which of us," cries Michelet at this period, "among the agitations of the modern world, does not hear with emotion the sound of the beautiful Christian holidays, the moving voice of the bells, and, as it were, their sweet maternal reproach?"

> If ever you have looked on better days,
> If ever been where bells have knolled to church. . . .

once sang another poet, and one who had not the repute of believing in the Christian Revelation. For the fact is that this sort of thing is neither Christianity nor religion, but merely sentiment and literature. When Michelet stops poetizing about bells and pointed arches long enough to examine the really great personages of medieval Catholicism, Saint Bernard and Saint Thomas Aquinas for instance, he is curiously inadequate. On the other hand he shows a strange interest, a morose delectation in all the superstitions and perversions generated from Christianity, like sorcery, or the excesses of the monastic life. Such Catholic figures as Saint Louis and Joan of Arc he treats with respect, even with tenderness, but, true to his temperament, he cannot resist giving even these simple and heroic souls a little dose of Hamlet's malady before they take flight for eternity.

Thus of Joan he writes: "One must little know human nature to doubt that, so deceived in her hope, she wavered in her faith. . . . It is not certain that she said a word of this: *I affirm that she thought it.*"

When one is a serious historian with a maximum of respect for the rigid truth, and when it is not on record that a statement was made, it is certainly illegitimate to affirm that it was thought.

In a word, Michelet takes the religion which was the radium of the Middle Age less seriously

* Edmund Wilson: "To the Finland Station."

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even than did Chateaubriand. The first two volumes of his History of France are colored with a superficial sympathy for the Church only because such an attitude was an essential part of the Romantic equipment of the age; it is found in Gray, in Scott, in Wordsworth, in Coleridge, in Victor Hugo; it was, to employ Michelet's own words, "a disease in the air we breathe." It did not, in the least, involve or even imply any authentic religious affirmation. In fact the charm of Catholicism for these writers, like the funereal beauty of that Portuguese Infanta for her lover, was conditioned by the belief that Catholicism was as dead as her own jewels. Michelet, in particular, reminds one of those figures in picturesque costumes from a medieval pietá who stand about while the perfect body of Christ is lowered into the garden-grave. "Thus, with a kind of passionate piety," writes Pierre Laserre, "he deposited the ancient faith in its tomb."

Changed attitude

His attitude toward the ancient faith altered in a most remarkable manner when, in 1843, he discovered it standing in his own path as a living force. For several years the French clergy had conducted a struggle against the University system on the ground that the latter was hostile to religious education, and Michelet now occupied a chair in European History. Whether the clergy were right or wrong does not concern us here; the fact is that most of the liberals, Michelet included, rushed at once into the extraordinarily bitter fray. All the old grievances, real or imagined, were trotted out—the immorality of seminaries, the immorality of Confession, above all the exceeding dreadfulness of the Society of Jesus. "When in doubt, the opposition can always turn on the Jesuits," said Benjamin Constant with irony. Heine, the enthralling German poet, was another to deprecate Michelet's new rôle . . . "a rude destiny [he wrote in 'Lutetia'] for a man who is at home only in a forest of romantic fable, who loves to rock himself on the blue waves of mystical sentiment, and repudiates all ideas not clothed in the vestments of symbolism." It is possible that Michelet continued to be thoroughly at home in the forest of fable; only, from the crisis of 1843 onward, he continued to discover new and more obscure woods which he named, in succession, Revolution, Renaissance and Reformation.

In these remaining volumes one sees all the old faults repeated—the lack of sequence and development, the almost amorous harping on disequilibrium and death—sharpened by a general tone of peculiar and wholly unscientific venom as regards the Catholic Church. Sainte-Beuve has pointed out somewhere that most writers have their favorite expressions, their pet words which often betray a secret predilection. Michelet exercises this device to the point of mania. Thus King Charles IX is a *fou* (madman); his brother Henry III also; Philip II of Spain equally; the Duc de Joyouse is a glorious *fou,* and Gaston of Orleans a pitiable *fou.** Another and more serious defect in dealing with more solid personages than these, with really great men, is to turn them into something abnormal and inhuman, something more consonant with the author's own diseased fantasy, something like *fous* themselves. For (let us make no mistake) some marvelous portraits of men and women are thrown up in this great literary cataract which Michelet called the History of France; those of Richelieu, Madame Henriette, Fénelon, Cardinal Dubois, the Regent, occur at random, but there are hosts of others, suggesting the rather obvious fact that, if Michelet were not a good historian, he was simply one of the best historical novelists of his or any time, almost as good as Balzac and infinitely superior to Hugo.

If only he had been content to be an historical novelist instead of attempting to found his fame on a series of large speculations presented as solemn fact, of vast simplifications which have all but reduced him to absurdity as an historian. Of the latter, probably the most insane was his attempt to identify the Renaissance with the Protestant Reformation. In other words, Michelet tried to group, within the same canvas, Leonardo and Luther, Rabelais and Calvin, Michelangelo and John Knox; and there are many other interesting juxtapositions. He simply would not, or could not, understand that the Renaissance was a reawakening of the pagan spirit in the fields of art, of letters and of morals; while the Reformation was (in its own view, at least) a reaction toward primitive Christianity even to the portal of the synagogue. George Moore, delightful dunce as he was in such matters, saw and stated this simple fact in the pages of "Hail and Farewell." Moreover, as Lasserre points out, the Renaissance was un-Christian only for this who, like Michelet himself, identify Christianity with the Protestant cult. For the Church the Renaissance was a possible synthesis; for the Puritan it was a deadly foe; and it was only, perhaps, in the high Anglicanism of the Stuarts that the two movements were ever, and but for a charmed moment, reconciled. Otherwise Renaissance and Reform did not, and could not, mix any more than wine and sulphur. Marot, a Renaissance man and of vague Protestant sympathies, almost lost his life in Geneva. Rabelais, another Renaissance man, detested Calvin, and the compliment was returned. But all this self-evidence was nothing to Michelet. The Jesuits, that is to say, the universal Church, had seemed to threaten his job, so the Church was the

* I owe this enumeration to Lasserre who, in turn, seems to have owed it to a friend, Victor Fournel.

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enemy of the human race, and everything that was good in the Church of the past—Saint Francis, Gerson, Joan of Arc, Bossuet, Fénelon—must, somehow or other, be related to Protestantism. No wonder that Michelet was regarded as something of a phenomenon. This kind of historic reconstruction is rare among the French who, after all, are a logical people; but it is fairly common in England and the United States.

So Michelet, despite his denial back in 1820, turns out to be a Romantic after all, and one of the greatest. Perhaps it is unjust to call his "History of France" a *danse macabre,* or to term him, in the last analysis, one of the most remarkable poets of hysteria and enervation. Yet he surely wrote his account of the religious changes in Western Europe in the spirit of George Eliot's "Romola," or G. H. Henty's "Young Huguenot," while Heine was not far wrong when he pointed out that the Middle Ages are but a dream-like era for us now, and hence demanded a sleep-walker like Michelet to describe them.*

*"Lutetia." Letter LVI, June, 1843.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

NOW COMES Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque, Iowa, calling upon Catholics in the United States to bombard their senators and congressmen on behalf of the strictly isolationist point of view. Let us arm, he tells the nation, and if attacked, fight on behalf of national safety and national defense, but only if attacked here on our own home grounds, but never "in foreign wars," and certainly not in the wars now raging in Europe and Asia and Africa, and the seas thereof, and in the air above those seas and lands. In a national broadcast on Sunday night, July 27, Archbishop Beckman expressed his views, quite clearly disavowing, so far as he is concerned, the views recently expressed, also in a national broadcast, by Bishop Hurley of St. Augustine, Florida. He was particularly emphatic in repeated declarations that there is no cause at stake in the wars now actually raging, in which the United States officially and with ever-increasing effective power is aiding the side of Britain and Britain's allies, other than the very sordid motive of economic imperialism. We have been fooled and led into our present difficult and dangerous position by "slimy slogans," concocted by the perfidious propagandists of the champions of one economic system. Hence it must follow that all the actions so far taken by our government to aid the anti-nazi allies should not ever have been adopted and should now be disavowed and be stopped.

Now everybody at all acquainted with the facts of our situation, so far as the opinions and influence of our Catholic Bishops and the clergy in general and the laity as well are concerned, knows that while the strict isolationist view is certainly held by a large number of all these three classes of our citizens, the contrary view is likewise held just as strongly by large numbers. The opposing views are held honestly and patriotically by both sides. But certainly neither view can be said to be the "official" Catholic one. If Archbishop Beckman and others who agree with his opinions are certain that the war is nothing but another war of contending economic powers, there are plenty of other highly placed Catholic churchmen who are at least equally certain that graver and deeper, more spiritual and moral considerations are chiefly at stake, and that the safety and liberty and the very national life of our own country are deeply involved.

What, then, under such considerations of divided opinion and conflicting advice from high ecclesiastical personages are Catholic citizens to do in reaching their conclusions, and taking action upon them? Surely it is quite obviously a plain matter of civic duty on the part of all Catholics to inform themselves, as citizens as well as members of the Catholic Church, taking cognizance of such views as those expressed not only by Archbishop Beckman but of those expressed by ecclesiastics opposing his view, and then come independently to their own conclusions. It is particularly desirable, so it seems to me, that American Catholics who disagree with Archbishop Beckman should be as prompt and as energetic in exerting pressure upon senators and congressmen in favor of aid to the allies in the war against Hitlerism as will be those American Catholics who will act, on his advice, against the declared, official policy of our nation.

For the benefit of those who may not have happened to see the July issue of the Catholic University *Bulletin,* here are very excellent and cogent words of good counsel given by the Rector of the University, applying not to Archbishop Beckman's address and to what Catholics ought to do about its appeal to them, for they appeared before the Archbishop had spoken, but to the general situation in which American Catholics are placed. In response to a deluge of letters reaching the University "asking the Catholic position on a variety of policies and programs," on which there may be "no Catholic position at all," the Rector writes:

"It may be helpful, therefore, to say that the Catholic University of America, first of all, in religious matters, is guided entirely by the statements of the Hierarchy of the United States officially announced for the guidance of the faithful. Secondly, in civil affairs, the University is pledged to fullest cooperation with the Federal authorities set up by the people for their constitutional government. . . . It follows from the first loyalty that no one attached to the University can or does speak for the University beyond the position taken by the Hierarchy at their appointed meetings. Even then no member of our staff speaks for the University unless announced as delegated to do so.

"In the maintenance of the second loyalty to the civil authorities of this Republic, we feel no exposition of our position is needed. Those in authority, Executive, Legislative, Judicial, are charged with the most grave responsibility. We can have no part with those who can doubt that this grave responsibility is carried by those in power

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with conscientious and untiring effort to fulfil their mandate from the people."

What applies to the Catholic University and its spokesmen would seem also to apply to the Catholic Church in our free country.

Communications

CATHERINE OF ARAGON

North Andover, Mass.

TO the Editors: Having just read with unexpected interest the life of Catherine of Aragon by Garrett Mattingly, I feel constrained to protest the extremely unfavorable review in THE COMMONWEAL of June 20, in which Mr. Lloyd Wendell Eshleman declares that Mr. Mattingly's Catherine "breaks all records for dullness" and, while admitting that he had only been able to "dip" into it, stigmatizes the material as a "re-hash" of other authors; the style as "chopped, uneven and overweighted," and the whole as only 25 per cent "biography" as against 75 per cent history. Mr. Eshleman may have hoped for a companion volume to Francis Hackett's Henry VIII, but this Catherine of Aragon has not been written by a Stefan Zweig; the historical spotlight is not thrown on dubious corners, and the muck of the testimony at the Queen's trial is deliberately omitted. The author does not claim to have discovered new material, but careful sifting of it. As the basis of Catherine's education was duty to Church and country, her biography must either remain the charming silhouette drawn by Agnes Strickland or contain a chronicle of the intricate political events which bounded the destiny of the Spanish Princess; but we agree with Mr. Eshleman that to "dip" into such closely woven narrative is peculiarly unrewarding.

It requires a Motley to make Renaissance intrigue continuously exciting; but, although Professor Mattingly has no remarkable gift for style, his English is serviceable and clear, his comments are shrewd and his viewpoint liberal.

Like her mother, Isabella of Castille, Catherine saw the mutual benefit of Spain and England in an alliance, and she fought for it for eight years almost singlehanded, when the premature death of the Prince of Wales left her a virgin widow at the unusually unripe age of fifteen. She never forgot the chivalry shown her then by Prince Henry and, as her husband, she loved him passionately all her life. Catherine was the one person he always respected, and, even as a discarded wife, her integrity and popularity were proof against the venom of Cranmer and Cromwell.

Mr. Mattingly's thesis is that Catherine is really responsible for the severance of Christendom, as, had she been willing to compromise and enter a convent, the Reformation might have been delayed, or prevented; but it seems as fair to blame Clement VII's delays as Catherine's firmness. The author does make apparent the indomitable force of Catherine's character and the prosperity she brought to England in free trade with the Netherlands. It was also this saintly but "dumpy" little Queen who introduced the English to salads and carrots, who replanted the island with the fruit trees obliterated in the civil wars, who made education fashionable for women.

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

The Screen

Stars, Strikes and Dragons

AT THE same time that literary critics are praising and disparaging A. J. Cronin's new novel about a Catholic priest, the film critics are pointing out the merits and demerits of a recently released film made from one of Cronin's older products. *"The Stars Look Down"* deserves highest commendation for its cinematic standards, for its intention, for its exposure of the foul working conditions of British miners and the wicked irresponsibility of selfish owners and managers who look only for profits. Anyone who has seen or read "The Citadel" knows that its author is a crusader with his heart in the right place. He can write an interesting story that lands on the best seller lists, and at the same time fight for the downtrodden and against greed in high places. But "The Stars Look Down" also rates censure. Just as so many Hollywood movies fall all over themselves to picture a slick, bright, rosy world, this English film errs in the opposite direction. It paints such a solemn black picture, without relieving humor or lightness, that the result is one of the most depressing dirges ever to be seen on the screen. It is unfortunate that someone connected with this film didn't realize that alleviation from the drab grimness of the mining scenes was necessary: perhaps I. Goldsmith, who gave the film a fine production with realistic sets and impressive photograph; or Cronin himself, who made the adaptation from which J. B. Williams wrote the screenplay; or Carol Reed, to whose excellent direction the English cinema actors responded with first rate performances.

This is the story of simple working people who take heroism for granted. That they accept their lot and also take tragedy for granted is an indictment against the ruthless mine owners who oppress them. It is in particular the story of earnest young David Fenwick (Michael Redgrave), who leaves the mines to study on a scholarship so that he may work for the cause of his fellow miners. But he falls in love with a young slut (Margaret Lockwood), who is mean enough to have been patterned after Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." Even the triangle formed by this unhappy pair and a scoundrel (Emlyn Williams), who later sells out the miners, only adds another sour note to this vale of tears. When David returns to the mining town to teach school, he tries to get the union to call a strike so that the miners will not work in a faulty, dangerous pass. At the picture's beginning, David's father had promoted such a strike, which failed and resulted in riot when the men were driven by hunger. Then occurs the inevitable tragedy (for which you are prepared by the plot's development, side lectures on coal mining and a debate on national ownership). The cave-in releases a flood of water. Many are killed and a small group are trapped in the mine. Unforgettable are the

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faces of the entombed men as they wait death, or of the struggling rescue party as they work frenetically to save the men, or of the waiting women who pray and hope for their husbands and sons. Most effective of all is Nancy Price, as David's stolid mother, who says, "A disaster is a disaster—the chance every pitman takes." But the audience's capacity for watching misery and oppression is not limitless, even in such a well-produced, honestly directed and sincerely socially-conscious film as this. Not until the message is thoroughly driven home and the film has come to its sad finale, with so many needlessly lost lives, does any ray of optimistic light shine through. In an epilogue, tacked on as an afterthought, a narrator assures us that these men did not die in vain. Through the bravery and suffering of these workers conditions will improve, and some day the stars will look down on a world purged of greed.

For film-goers who want their lessons more on the entertainment side there is Walt Disney's little piece about the dragon who says no. He says no because he just doesn't want to fight. *"The Reluctant Dragon"* is reluctant about getting into scraps of any sort, and won't even go in for that old business of scourging the countryside in search of fair women. In short, this new Disney character is another Ferdinand—only much more so; except that he likes picnics and poetry instead of posies. You can decide for yourself what parody Mr. Disney had in mind—especially in those scenes in which the swishy dragon does finally battle Sir Giles, a very British knight who looks and talks like C. Aubrey Smith. The combat turns out to be as fake as those wrestling matches that are full of snortling and guff but short on sport. But the piece about the dragon, which isn't too funny except for such adult whimsy as the "Ode to an Upsidedown Cake," is only a short part of this feature-length Disney. The whole, which alternates straight movies with cartoons, is really a tour through the Disney studios. The tourist is our old friend Robert Benchley, who shows again, as he has so often in his clever how-to-do-things shorts, that education can be screwy fun under the proper tutor. While Bob is busy escaping his guide who wants to explain the dry details of the 51 acres in the Disney plant, he stumbles into the various departments and learns what goes on in each one. He sees drawings made, sound effects added, the rainbow room where the beoootiful colors are mixed; and he sees some good Disney shorts. Donald Duck makes an appearance. And Goofy gives a riding lesson. But funniest of all is the sequence on Baby Weems which is explained to Benchley with still pictures and sound effects. It's all about a baby who could talk a few days after he was born. You can imagine how distressed his parents might be, especially when Baby is snatched away from them to be interviewed by Shaw and Einstein. All this is enlightening to Mr. Benchley; and the tour is instructive and good fun. One thing that Bob does not learn about as he sees the beautiful and orderly Disney studio is the strike in evidence there now. Of course Mr. Disney isn't likely to tell his audiences that he's being stubborn in negotiating with his workers. But perhaps by the time this review appears, the controversy will be settled. After all this is USA's Hollywood, not England's coal mines; and we want to love the creator of Mickey Mouse and not have the reluctant Disney be the oppressing plant owner of another "Stars Look Down." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Labour

Bevin and Co.; the Leaders of British Labour. Patricia Strauss. Putnam. $2.50.

NOT SINCE 1931—when Ramsay MacDonald deserted to the Conservatives—has the Labor Party played such a leading rôle in British politics. It is therefore useful to have this book by Patricia Strauss, herself the wife of a Labor MP, on the subject of the Party and its leaders. And especially useful when that book is as good as "Bevin and Co."

Today Labor controls 166 votes in the House of Commons to the Conservatives' 418 (with the Liberals dwindling to a paltry 31). And yet six members of the Churchill cabinet are Laborites, including Ernest Bevin, the mighty Minister of Labor and National Service, who with many rates in importance second only to Winston himself.

How the Party arrived at this point and what is the quality of the leaders who brought it there—these are the main concern of Mrs. Strauss. In readable style she covers the history and functioning of what is called the labor movement—how nearly every English trade unionist contributes a penny (two cents) a week to support the Party, and what this means, how the local Party clubs work during elections, how Labor actually collected 16 peers in the arch-Tory House of Lords. . . .

Most of the book is given to portraits of Party leaders, but these are handled in such a way that all the controversial issues in the Party's history come clearly to light reflected in the personalities of the seven men and one woman who wear the mantle of leadership. And the author's viewpoint seems fairly objective. Certainly she is frank.

Taking her judgments at face value, then, one must conclude that the British Labor chieftains are a singularly able, generally conservative and mostly colorless crew. Mrs. Strauss admires Bevin's force and ability, but fears his dictatorial tendencies. She openly pleads with Clement Attlee, titular head of the Party, to step down in favor of the more colorful, forceful Herbert Morrison, who seems to be her favorite among the accepted "right wing" leaders. But her most lavish praise and approval is reserved for Sir Stafford Cripps, the cold and brilliant lawyer who is now Ambassador to Russia, but who was briefly ousted from the Party in 1939 for advocating a Popular Front with the Liberals and Communists.

As to why communism has made so little headway in England, Mrs. Strauss favors the theory that among the English there is an absence of social black-and-whites, and conversely, a wide variety of class gradations that tend to blunt the sharp class-consciousness on which communism depends for its appeal.

Perhaps another important factor—overlooked by Mrs. Strauss—is the general intelligence and honesty of labor leadership in England and the social awareness of English workers. If the English labor movement had a few more

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of America's Greens, Ryans and Hutchesons, and more of our frustrated disunity, it might also boast more of our Quills, Currans and Bridgeses—and perhaps even an American Youth Congress. And if that were so, perhaps Mrs. Strauss and Sir Stafford would know more about the pitfalls of a working alliance with the comrades.

JOHN C. CORT.

FICTION

Above Suspicion. Helen MacInnis. Little Brown. $2.50.

"ABOVE SUSPICION" is another of those ingenious spy stories which are by-products of the war. The formula, though familiar, seems to have unlimited possibilities, and Miss MacInnis has turned out a first novel which moves lightly and swiftly. The impact of nazism on the easy-going world of liberalism has to some extent jarred literary production out of its self-conscious introspection to forms that are more external. It is paradoxical that it should take a war to restore a sense of the ordinary, everyday lives of men and women. But the present war does seem to have produced this effect.

"Above Suspicion" is a case in point. It is the story of a delightful English couple who, precisely because of the convincing solidity of their winters at Oxford and their summers on the continent, are sent to find out whether the key man in an underground railroad for helping political prisoners escape from Germany has fallen into the hands of the Gestapo. And because Mr. and Mrs. Richard Myles are so essentially a young married couple, their dangerous errand and their clever escapes particularly grip the reader; he identifies them with himself. This identification is further established by the concrete detail with which Miss MacInnis has sketched the background—the cherry brandy at the Lapin Agile; the giant elms in Magdalen deer park.

The author obviously has a very definite attitude toward the régime in Germany, but her reactions remain external, never marring the sparkling surface of the narrative. So too her characters, German and English alike, are simplified black and white portraits, types that never become individuals. Only Frances Myles occasionally comes alive with a touch of feminine insight or feminine observation. But the lack of depth keeps the action moving rapidly and induces in the reader very much the same state of mind produced by a detective story. Perhaps, in the last analysis, the closest parallel is a Hitchcock film, which has the same one-dimensional portraiture, the same pervading atmosphere of suspense, the same Englishness.

MARGARET STERN.

Shelter. Jane Nicholson. Viking. $2.50.

EACH WAR is emotionally perceptible to people at a distance through some one aspect with which they can identify themselves. In the world war the image which haunted the mind was that of exhausted and stubborn men endlessly defending, endlessly attacking a system of trenches. In the campaign of France—was it but a year ago?—we thought of the crowded roads and the diving Stukas. And now the war, to most of us, is a glare from the incendiaries, the dome of St. Paul's standing against the red sky, and ordinary people like ourselves bombed on streets like our streets, in houses like our houses. We are deeply concerned to know in what manner these London people go about their business, look for jobs, volunteer as fire wards, worry about their families. Because we can see ourselves in their shoes, we want to how how far it is possible for Londoners to hold on to their normal way of life. We want from them the answer to our own self questioning: what would we do under bombardment, what courage would we show?

The reply sent us by American reporters in London has not been discouraging. Ordinary, simple people in London have been indubitably brave. And here in "Shelter" the same reply is given and the easier for us to understand because it is made in the form of a story. We might wish that this story concerned itself with people more inherently interesting. But it is what these people see and how they are affected by what they see which counts: not what they are. Jos, Louise and Camma, the husband, the wife and the mistress, are no more than familiar pre-war characters from some minor Huxley, measuring the evident to no certain standards of conduct, commenting upon their small affair with inarticulate frankness. But in the immense disorder of destruction which surrounds them they make their pitiful and diverse efforts toward a human order they have never known. They do not go far but it is perhaps significant that they should move at all in the direction of self-sacrifice. These characters of fiction reflect something of the compelling necessity for kindness and human solidarity to which Londoners have responded. In the presence of danger—a danger remarkably described in "Shelter"—the people of the great city have stood together.

C. G. PAULDING.

HISTORY

Fiscal Policy and Business Cycles. Alvin H. Hansen. Norton. $3.75.

THIS BOOK I think the maturest analysis of the theory of a mature economy published so far. It appears at a time when our economic system is experiencing the severest strains in its history, which we view with clearer vision as a result of reading this book. From now on teachers of the subject and authors of economics texts will be obliged to take into account the insights and reasoning of the school of thought so authoritatively and definitively formulated in this book. It is a brilliant synthesis of recent writings appearing in the economics journals presenting the point of view that our economy has reached a stage of maturity necessitating policies of reconstruction and planned change, if we are to avoid the disorder of débâcle or the slavery of totalitarianism. For this reason there is a fighting quality in the style, which makes for a sort of a grand polemic.

Here is no book where economic theory is presented in abstraction. There is no attempt at pure theory, *per se,* wherein principles are brought forth in the full panoply of *a priori* ratiocination. It does not seem to have been written with an eye on posterity. On the contrary, it possesses the sting of immediacy and contemporaneity with a thoroughness and prophetic intelligence that will give it long life, as long perhaps as our present era remains troubled and harassed with the problems of unemployment, investment frictions, public debt, instability, wars, revolutionary tremors.

Throughout there is the use of the flash-back. No matter what the problem under discussion, whether it is the depression of the thirties or the budgetary problems of today, or the question of taxes, or government finance or business organization or war, there is always given the historical aspect of things; thus the reader obtains that sense of continuity and causation which inevitably results in a firmer grasp of social problems.

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As the title indicates and as the author himself says, the book deals ". . . . with the changing rôle of government, and particularly with fiscal policy as an instrument for regulating the national income and its distribution." The author is an adherent of the philosophy that fiscal policy is a very necessary instrument for economic control and stabilization. "Modern democracy does not mean individualism. It means a system in which private, voluntary organization functions under general, and mostly indirect, governmental control. Dictatorship means direct and specific control. We do not have a choice between 'plan and no plan.' We have a choice only between democratic planning and totalitarian regimentation."

Here is the prime economic question facing the world today; when it is treated as well as it is in this book, its reading should become a "must" for everybody.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Honorable Enemy. Ernest O. Hauser. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.

I WAS DELIGHTED with this pithy, informed and not unsympathetic study of Japan and her peoples. Mr. Hauser, who knows the Orient thoroughly and who has lived in Japan for long periods, makes one wonder whether Gilbert and Sullivan were satirists or complete literalists. The picture he draws of Japan, her traditions, taboos and curious thought patterns, her ambitions, struggles and reasoning, could only have been drawn by one who knew and felt for the enigmatic little men so long secluded on their little island and now reaching out for an empire in bewildered but remarkably efficient fashion.

Mr. Hauser is neither naïve nor cynical. One senses a deep sympathy as he tells the history of a country that has been totalitarian from its inception; that made a faint gesture at liberalism and drew back, hurt and angry; that now nurtures back to flowering that same totalitarianism, but without a dictator. Not a sympathy for totalitarianism, mind you, but rather a love for the strange little men who have never learned how to live, who have no chairs to sit upon, who may not fall in love, whose diet is at best unpalatable. An understanding of a nation for whose people life has always been a weary, drudging affair, the only compensation for which is the chance to die with some degree of éclat.

The Japanese is bound, hemmed in, spied upon, pushed, urged, forced unrelentingly at every turn by a cruel and inexorable maze of traditions that dictate every aspect of his life. His birth, vocation, love, hate, cruelty, honor, religion, death are unrelentingly enforced and regulated by a strange totalitarianism that is not political but shapes the person and the state.

Mr. Hauser takes the reader through the formative stages of Japan and its culture, its civil war which placed the Mikado on top, its abortive try at liberalism, the machinations that led to the China "incident," despite the Mikado's wishes. He treats of the hypochondriac, Konoye, who had the temerity to refuse the wish of the Mikado that he form a government.

The book is titled "Honorable Enemy." The Japanese is honorable for the same reason he is polite—tradition. Mr. Hauser implies that he is our enemy because we chose that he be. Our Exclusion Act, our pirating of the Orient, our racism have decided that. Our worst offense, probably, has been our refusal to understand the Japanese. Only understanding can make for concord. He understands us.

WILLIAM M. CALLAHAN.

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In the Groove

ON THE heels of Victor's fine recording of the melodious and little-played *Third Symphony* of Tchaikovsky, there comes a kindred work, the *Second* or *"Little Russian" Symphony,* so called because of its folk tunes. The Cincinnati Symphony, in its recording début under Eugene Goossens, gives a spirited performance ($4.50). *Midsommarvaka (Midsummer Vigil, a Swedish Rhapsody),* by the contemporary Swedish composer Hugo Alfven, is another agreeably folksy work, nicely recorded (Victor, $2.50). Saint-Saens's *Carnival of the Animals* cannot be called a record-collector's item, but it has a certain slick charm as played by the Philadelphia Orchestra with Leopold Stokowski, Pianists Jeanne Behrend, Sylvan Levin and Joseph Levine, and Cellist Benar Heifetz for the celebrated "dying" Swan (Victor, $3.50). The *Ballet Suite* from Gluck's operas, arranged by Felix Mottl, is beautifully done in a sparkling recording by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler (Victor, $2.50). I did not find the Bach *Piano Concerto No. 5* particularly interesting, despite its slow movement which is frequently played as a violin arioso—by Edwin Fischer and his chamber orchestra (Victor, $2.50). One of the greatest of lieder artists, Povla Frijsh, is represented in *Art Songs, Volume II,* in which her songs by Dvorak and by modern French composers are particularly good; those by Americans less so (Victor, $4).

Mozart's *Symphony No. 39 in E Flat,* one of the last three great ones, is played perfectly, and recorded with clarity, by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic (Columbia, $3.50). Songs by the Bach family, ranging in mood from religious to convivial, are presented by Ernst Wolff, whose voice is not adequate to these unfamiliar works (Columbia, $3.50). I liked Mendelssohn's *Cappriccio Brilliant,* but I can only recommend it as a faded, sentimental showpiece, played with hard brilliance by a Latvian pianist, Joanna Graudan, with the Minneapolis Symphony (in which her husband is first cellist) under Dimitri Mitropoulos (Columbia, $2.50). Bela Bartok's *Mikrokosmos, Volume I,* played by the composer for Columbia ($3.50), is a set of excerpts from his 153 graded piano pieces, in sharp, many-rhythmed style; interesting as a modernist addition to student piano literature.

In chamber music the greatest achievement in recent months is the Primrose Quartet's recording of Haydn's *Seven Last Words of Christ* (Victor, $9), never before done on discs and seldom in the concert hall. Haydn wrote these seven long slow movements, and a brief fast one descriptive of the earthquake, for Good Friday services in the Cathedral of Cadiz; beautiful music, indeed, although not always germane to its subject. Roy Harris's *Quintet,* played by the Coolidge Quartet and the composer's pianist wife (Victor, $4) impressed me more than his *Quartet No. 3,* by the Roth Quartet (Columbia, $4.50). Cerebral as the former is, and studied in its tonal structure, it is considerably less arid than the prickly quartet. The Schumann *Quartet No. 1* has some engaging romantic moments, but the Roth performance does not do it justice (Columbia, $3.50). The Prokofiev *Quartet, Opus 50,* nervous, witty but also given to dryness, is well played by the Stuyvesant Quartet (Columbia, $3.50). Frederick Jacobi's *Hagiographa—Three Biblical Narratives (Job, Ruth and Joshua)* is less momentous than its program sounds; played by the Coolidges and—once more—the composer's pianist wife (Victor, $3).

Mention of a new recording of the Pepusch-Gay *Beggar's Opera* was omitted from the last column for want of space. The words are unintelligible (and no text is supplied), but otherwise this version by members of the Glyndebourne (England) opera company is a fine one (Victor, $6.50). Well performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy is a *Sibelius 75th Anniversary Album* (Victor, $3.50), of three "favorite" and over-rated works: *Finlandia, The Swan of Tuonela, Lemminkainen's Homeward Journey.* There are some beautiful melodies in Mozart's *Serenade No. 10* for 13 wind instruments, but the performance by Edwin Fischer's group is pedestrian (Victor, $3.50). Alice Duer Miller's *White Cliffs of Dover,* recited by Lynn Fontanne, with an orchestral commentary by Frank Black, has doubtless found its devotees, but I played it once and let it go at that (Victor, $3.50).

Some single discs: Debussy's *Rhapsodie for Clarinet and Orchestra,* set forth as a vehicle for Benny Goodman, with the New York Philharmonic under John Barbirolli; not very well recorded (Columbia). . . . Bach *Trio Sonata in G Major,* finely played by the Moyse Trio (flute, violin, piano) for Victor. . . . Two great songs by Duparc, *L'Invitation au Voyage* and *La Vie Antèrieure,* beautifully sung by Charles Panzèra (Victor). . . . Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor,* a swirling piece on Harvard's "baroque" organ, played by E. Power Biggs (Victor). . . . Turina's *La Oracion del Torero,* which evokes more color than a string quartet (Gordon) usually can (Columbia). . . . One of Leopold Stokowski's finest Bach transcriptions, the chorale prelude *Mein Jesu, was für Sellenweh befällst du in Gethsemane,* played by his All American Youth Orchestra (Columbia). . . . Two Spanish guitar pieces, De Falla's *Homage* and Turina's *Rafaca,* played by Julio Martinez Oyanguren (Victor). . . . Sibelius's *Malinconia,* a rather banal piece for cello and piano, by Louis Jensen and Galina Werschenskaya (Victor). . . . Three gentle, charming pieces by Grétry, *Pantomime,* a march and a tambourin, by Fabien Sevitzky's Philadelphia Simfonietta (Victor). . . . In the same vein, two little marches of Mozart and a Haydn overture, by the *Société des Concerts* Orchestra conducted by Edvard Fendler (Victor). . . . Likewise recommended, a *Toccata* of Loeillet and a Bach *Largo* (both transcribed), played on the harp by Marcel Grandjany (Victor). . . . More Gluck ballet music: scenes from *Don Juan,* well recorded by what the label calls "Victor Chamber Orchestra" but what seems to be a German group. . . . Walter Piston's *Carnival Song,* from *Lorenzo de Medici,* is loud and pompous, but effectively sung by the Harvard Glee Club with brass accompaniment (Victor). . . . Robert McBride's *Quintet,* with the Coolidge Quartet and the composer playing the oboe, is glib and crisp (Victor). . . . Five *German Dances* of Schubert, by John Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic, left me fairly cool (two Victor discs). . . . Moriz Rosenthal, one of the last living pupils of Liszt, plays the Schubert-Liszt *Soirée de Vienne* with great brilliance (Victor).

The popular record situation, so far as I am concerned, has got out of hand, and I shall not be able to bring it up to date all at once. However, here are some popular albums that deserve mention. (As to prices, most of them

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run between $2 and $3, depending upon whether the records cost 35c or 50c). *Folk Songs of the Americas* (Victor) is a fine collection of unfamiliar songs, ranging in inspiration from the Czech to the South American; the singers include that superb artist of the night-clubs, Brazilian-born Elsie Houston. Hazel Scott, a charming Negro pianist, *Swings the Classics,* Bach included, with great humor and invention in a Decca album. Reginald Scott's *Trains,* a daft series of noises, take up another Decca set. James Copp III, a frenzied zany who has been called "the poor man's Dwight Fiske" because he does remarkable monologues with piano accompaniment, gives tongue to *Portrait of a Monster, Agnes Mouthwash and Friends* and other word pictures in a mirthful Liberty album. Two volumes of *Latin America Folk Music* (Decca) contain some pleasant guitar pieces—notably a *Choros* by the Brazilian Villa-Lobos—but quite a few inconsequential numbers. The Ballad Singers, a group led by Elie Siegmeister in American folk songs discovered and arranged by him, are heard in a Victor set which I recommend highly.

Morton Gould is a talented composer and arranger, but his eight piano pieces (*Pavane, American Caprice,* etc.) in a Decca album sound very much alike when taken at a sitting. Nor did I like *Shakespeare in Swing*—jive versions of *It Was a Lover and His Lass, Blow, Blow Thou Winter Winds,* etc.—as swung by Bob Crosby and his Bob Cats (Decca). But Decca's *Quintet of the Hot Clubs of France* is fine indeed; delicate, free-ranging improvisations on such tunes as *Avalon* and *Limehouse Blues,* featuring the hot violin of Stephane Grappelly and the guitar of Django Reinhardt. Decca's *Drummer Boy* continues a project of singling out the instruments of the swing band; a battery including such great ones as Zutty Singleton, Gene Krupa, Ray McKinley, Ray Bauduc. *Gems of Jazz, Volume 2,* continues another Decca project: recordings made in London and not previously released in the US. This one concentrates on Gene Krupa, Bunny Berigan and the fine pianist Jess Stacy; excellent. *One O'Clock Jump* gives us the "jump king" of Kansas City jazz, William "Count" Basie (who was born in New Jersey); many good sides including *Evil Blues* and *Jive at Five.*

A few singles (to scratch the surface only): *Stop That War (Them Cats Are Killin' Themselves),* in which Wingy Manone, screwball trumpeter, punctures the carnage with what he calls "incendarian" bombs (Bluebird). . . . Schubert's *Who Is Sylvia?* and a hauntingly lovely modern song, *I Wish I Had a Ribbon Bow,* sung effortlessly by Maxine Sullivan (Columbia). . . . Sidney Bechet, veteran clarinetist and soprano saxophone player, becomes a one-man band in *Blues of Bechet* and *The Sheik* (Victor). He played four instruments successively, each being dubbed into what went before. An interesting stunt but not distinguished as jazz. . . . Hildegarde suavely sings *Darling Je Vous Aime Beaucoup, I Worship You, A Little Café Down the Street* and *You Will Remember Vienna* on two good Decca discs. . . . Raymond Scott's *In a Subway Far From Ireland* is more of the screwball; I found its silly piano triplets and the lugubrious unison singing of the band highly diverting (Columbia). . . . Red Allen's fine smallish jazz band plays *K. K. Boogie* and *Ol' Man River;* its savage assault on the latter song may be too much for some listeners (Columbia). . . . More of these popular singles next time.

C. J. BALLIETT, JR.

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The Inner Forum

ONE OF China's most eminent scholars is also a great lay apostle for Catholicism, according to George C. Thomas in the current issue of the Denver *Register*. Dr. John Wu, originally a Buddhist, later a Protestant, drafted the permanent constitution of China, has been a judge on China's highest court, head of a Methodist university, member of the legislative Yuan, chairman of the codification committee, recipient of a Carnegie Peace Award and a Rosenthal lectureship. Dr. Wu was also a close friend of Justice Holmes.

His interest in the Little Flower led to his conversion, and since then his wife and 12 children have come into the Church. As he expressed it, "I gave 12 little apostles to Our Lord." Dr. Wu was so struck with certain similarities between the teachings of some of the ancient Chinese sages and the sayings of Saint Teresa of Lisieux that he wrote an article about it for *H'sien Tsia,* national Chinese secular magazine. For instance Mencius, the Chinese sage, once said, "A great man is one who bears within him the heart of a new-born baby." And Saint Teresa, "Yes, I am a baby, a very wise baby—a baby who is an old man."

The article, "The Science of Love," has been reprinted in book form by the Catholic Truth Society of China. It was printed in English and bound by the children of Nazareth School in Hong Kong, most of them orphans. It is printed on rice pulp paper and bound in red silk and is Chinese in workmanship throughout. It is being distributed in this country by Reverend Charles Meeus, the first white man to be ordained in China by a Chinese bishop, a native of Belgium and now a naturalized Chinese. Father Meeus can be reached at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Illinois. The proceeds from the sale of the book, which can be procured for $1 a copy, will be used in China by Father Meeus's bishop.

Dr. Wu, who is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, is translating the Catholic New Testament into Chinese at the request of Chiang Kai-shek. Here are a few of Dr. Wu's sayings: "The whole universe is a Church of God. The starry firmament is the dome, the flowers are the candles and the incense, the insects are the chorus-singers, the moon is a nun breathing with adoration, the whole creation is in expectancy of the Bridegroom. . . ." "In the whole universe I have found only one enemy and that gentleman is none other than myself."

CONTRIBUTORS

Jesse STUART is a Kentucky novelist, author of "Men of the Mountains," "Trees of Heaven," "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow," "Head O'W-Hollow," "Beyond Dark Hills."

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